

BATTLE
CRY

ACTION-PACKED TALES OF REAL COMBAT!

BATTLE CRY

PVT. IKE
in
WAR AND PEACE
and
LETTER FROM HOME

MAR.
No. 11





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NOW FLY LIKE A BIRD

With Wings Made From The Original Sketch of Leonardo Da Vinci's Flying Wings!

Now any adventure loving boy can build Da Vinci's flying wings with just ordinary carpenter's tools.

OFFERED FOR THE FIRST TIME

People said it couldn't be done but Leonardo went right ahead and built the wings and then carted them to a nearby hill and took off. What happened is excitingly told in **THE BIRDMAN**, The Story of Leonardo Da Vinci. See the actual original sketch Leonardo used to build his flying wings with just ordinary tools.

EXTRA SPECIAL TREAT

Also in **THE BIRDMAN**: The diagram of the parachute which Leonardo invented. Yes, you too can make a parachute out of cloth and string by just following Leonardo's drawing.

EXCITING — THRILLING

Whether you build the flying wings, the parachute or other of Leonardo's inventions, one thing is sure, you will enjoy the exciting and thrilling story, **THE BIRDMAN**, which is illustrated in color with the kind of pictures you like to look at. You don't have to buy **THE BIRDMAN** which is only 98c because you can send for it for a 10-day trial and if you don't get a real kick out of **THE BIRDMAN** the cost will be nothing.

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I want to try **THE BIRDMAN** 10-days. I will deposit with postman only 98c plus postage. After trying 10-days I may return **THE BIRDMAN** for a full refund of the purchase price.

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HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

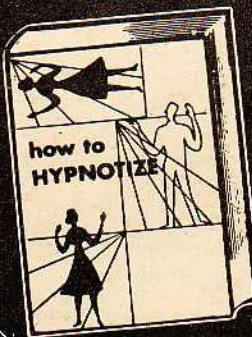
IT'S EASY TO HYPNOTIZE...

when you know how!

Want the thrill of imposing your will over someone? Of making someone do exactly what you order? Try hypnotism! This amazing technique gives full personal satisfaction. You'll find it entertaining and gratifying. **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE** shows all you need to know. It is put so simply, anyone can follow it. And there are 24 revealing photographs for your guidance.

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Send **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE** in plain wrapper.

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PVT. IKE *in* WAR and PEACE!

TAKE A CANTEENFUL OF LEMONADE...ADD FOUR SNEAKY REDS PLUS ONE FEMALE WAR CORRESPONDENT, AND YOU'VE GOT A TALE THAT COULD HAPPEN ONLY TO AMERICA'S FAVORITE G.I. PRIVATE IKE!

YOU LEMONADE-STEALIN' CRUMBS OUGHTA BE ASHAMED—SNEAKIN' INTO A LADY'S BOUDOIR!



OUT ON A SCOUTING MISSION DEEP IN ENEMY-HELD TERRITORY, PVT. IKE AND HIS PLATOON LEADER SGT. MAGOON STOP FOR A MOMENT TO REST IN THE SHADOW OF A RIDGE, IN THE HOT KOREAN HILLS...

MMMM! LEMONADE! WONDERFUL, DEEE-LICIOUS, COOL LEMONADE! NOTHIN' LIKE IT TO—

MAN, WHAT A SWEAT! THE COLONEL SURE HAD HIS NERVE, SENDIN' US OUT TO FIND A DIZZY FEMALE WAR CORRESPONDENT WHO GOT HERSELF LOST IN THESE HILLS! ONE MORE DAY OF THIS AND I'LL BE READY FOR ROTATION!

YEAH, ME TOO! MAGOON, MY TONGUE IS SO DRY IT FEELS LIKE I BEEN DRAGGIN' IT IN THE DUST! RIGHT NOW I'M GONNA TAKE A SWIG OF THIS COOL LEMONADE I WANGLED OUT OF THE MESS SERGEANT!







THAT'LL TEACH YA TO GO AROUND
RUININ' OTHER PEOPLE'S
LEMONADE!



MAN, AM I TIRED! I'M THROUGH LOOKIN' FOR
THAT DIZZY DAME! — SHE COST ME MY SLEEP
...AND MY LEMONADE!
(YAWN!)



AND AS IKE NEARS THE CREST OF THE RIDGE...

HEY, IKE! YOU WERE TERRIFIC!
TAKIN' THOSE COMMIES
SINGLE-HANDED!

YEAH—AND A FAT
LOT OF HELP YOU WERE,
MAGOON! BY THE WAY,

YAW-AWN! THERE WERE
ONLY FOUR REDS—WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE FIFTH?



HERE SHE IS! IT'S THE
FEMALE NEWS HAWK!
THOSE COMMIES
CAPTURED HER!





OOO! YOU GREAT BIG HUNK OF HERO! RESCUING ME FROM THOSE HORRIBLE REDS!

SAVE IT, HONEY! RIGHT NOW I DON'T CARE IF YOU WUZ BETTY GRABLE! ALL I WANT IS TO GET BACK TO MY LITTLE SHACK! LET'S GO!

POOR OLD IKE MUST REALLY BE MAD TO PASS UP A DEAL LIKE THIS! I KNEW HE WAS TIRED... BUT CHASING THOSE REDS MUST'VE USED UP HIS LAST OUNCE OF ENERGY!



SOMETIME LATER ON THE WAY BACK TO THEIR LINES...

WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, IKE... WHY YA KEEP LOOKIN' BACK?

I GOT A FEELIN' WE'RE BEIN' FOLLOWED!



HUH? MAN YOU'RE NOT SLEEPY... YOU'RE DEAD TO THE WORLD!

YEAH, MAYBE! BUT REMEMBER ALL THOSE CAVES WE NOTICED ON THE RIDGE BACK THERE? WELL, IF THEY WERE CONNECTED LIKE MOST OF THEM ARE WHY COULDN'T THOSE REDS HAVE SNEAKED DOWN INTO ONE OF THEM AND ESCAPED THE GRENADE!



LISTEN TO HIM! A REGULAR SHERLOCK HOLMES! YA SURE YA AIN'T HAVIN' A NIGHTMARE?

AW FORGET IT! WE'RE COMIN' TO OUR LINES ANYWAY!



NOT LONG AFTER... BACK AT CAMP...

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP, AND NOTHIN' BUT NOTHIN'S GOIN' TO STOP ME...

HEY IKE! GUESS WHAT?



I TOLD THE COLONEL ALL ABOUT HOW YOU RESCUED THE REPORTER DAME ...AND BOY WAS HE IMPRESSED! SO HE INSISTS THAT YOU AND **ONLY YOU** GUARD HER TENT TONIGHT... **ALL NIGHT!**

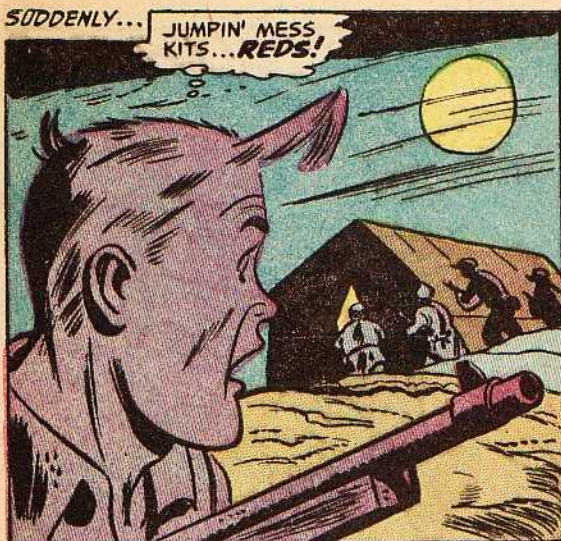
WHAT? H-HE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

SUDDENLY...

JUMPIN' MESS
KITS...REDS!



I MAY AS WELL
JOIN THE LODGE
TOO!

AI-YEE! IT'S THE
CRAZY YANKEE!



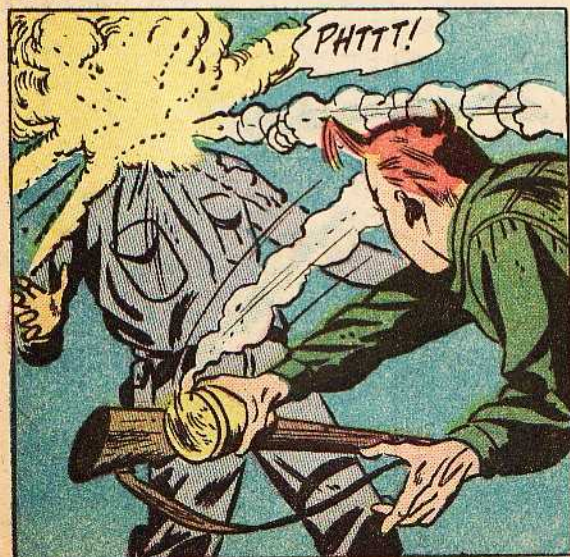
FATSO! WELL WHAT DO
Y'KNOW--I WAS RIGHT! YOU
GUYS DID ESCAPE THAT
GRENADE BLAST!

OOP!



DIE, PAWN OF
AMERICAN RULING
CIRCLES!

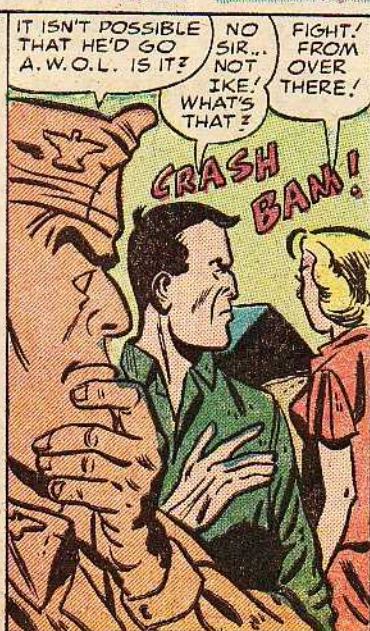
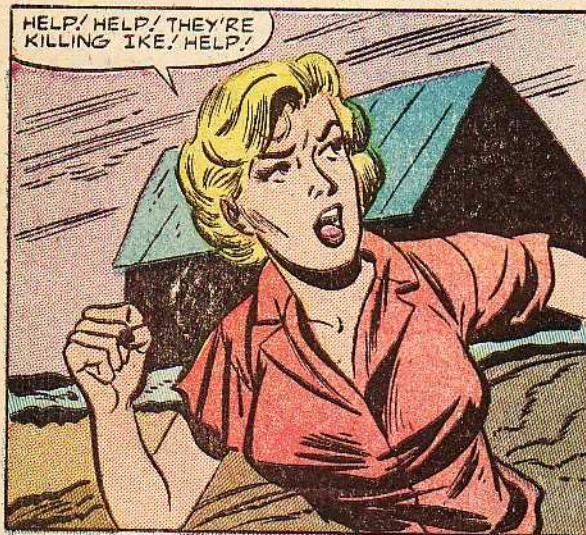
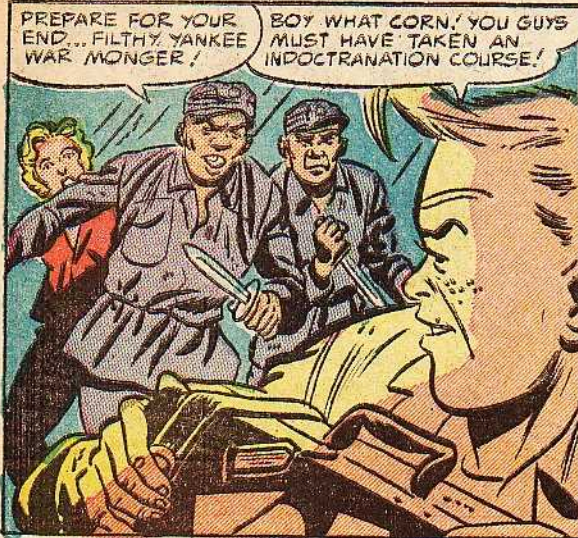
WOW--WHAT A LINE! WHO
WROTE YOUR MATERIAL,
CHUM-STALIN?



PHTTT!

NOW YOU'RE
REALLY
POWDERED!





STOP crying about PIMPLES



AMAZING NEW TREATMENT FIGHTS PIMPLES* WITH FIRST APPLICATION

Yes, you can stop shedding tears over unsightly externally caused* pimples, acne and blackheads because here is a new method of complete skin care based on the most recent scientific knowledge of complexion problems.

We therefore make an offer so compelling that you cannot, in fairness to yourself, pass up the opportunity it presents.

This offer is made to those who are suffering from bad skin and are earnestly interested in enjoying a clearer—smoother—healthier-looking skin again.

To YOU we offer the fruits of our search for a formula, the best that science has developed for attacking common skin problems. Our experience has convinced us that the SEBASOL method is without equal in overcoming externally caused acne and pimples. We have therefore come to a decision—unprecedented, so far as we know, of taking all the risk ourselves.

YOU GET DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We believe the SEBASOL method of skin care is the greatest aid that has ever been offered to those interested in avoiding the misery of a bad skin. We can and do promise that after a 30-day trial you must see and enjoy a remarkable difference in your skin or we guarantee to refund not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.**

We know we could not make this offer unless the SEBASOL complete treatment is all we say it is.

You want the clearest, smoothest and healthiest skin. That is your birthright. Study our guarantee. We take all the risk. You have the protection of **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.**

Sebasol Method Supported By Diverse Medical Opinions

Leading medical authorities differ on the importance of various contributing factors to externally caused acne and pimples.

These factors are: diet, vitamin deficiency, personal hygiene, occupational exposures and postural habits.

The Sebasol method recognizes the importance of all these contributing factors and each of them is an integral part of the Sebasol treatment.

The Sebasol method is not designed to relieve all skin disturbances, and is not prescribed to treat individual cases due to systemic causes. But, to our knowledge, the Sebasol method is the only complete treatment of its type offered to sufferers of common skin maladies. Until new facts are discovered, there is nothing known to science which can do more for the relief of bad skin.

ACT NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

Neglect of acne can result in permanent scarring of your skin so act now! Take the first step—now—toward the good skin you desire. Fill out the coupon and mail—today—for a full 30-day supply. Price \$3.00, only 10¢ a day. Isn't your skin worth the best?



Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to the return of the price paid for the Sebasol complete treatment but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** unless you actually see and enjoy a remarkable improvement in your skin condition. The test is at our risk. All you do is return the unused portion of the treatment if not completely satisfied.

Comate Laboratories Inc.

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., Dept. 6107-B,
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush at once the complete Sebasol skin treatment (30 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment or you **GUARANTEE DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of the unused portion.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$3.00 (Cash, Check, Money Order)
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postal charges.

Name

Address

City Zone State

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign, add 25 cents. No. C.O.D.

IT WAS A TOUGH WAR IN ITALY DURING THE WINTER OF '44! FOR IN ADDITION TO THE FANATICAL GERMAN TROOPS, THE GI'S HAD TO CONTEND WITH BOTH THE MOUNTAINS AND THE WEATHER! BUT THE PUSH WAS TO THE NORTH...NO MATTER WHAT THE OBSTACLES! IT WAS A SLOW PUSH... STEP BY STEP...YARD BY YARD... **HILL BY HILL!**

HILL BY HILL!



LET'S FOLLOW A COMPANY OF THE GI'S AS THEY HEAD UP THE ITALIAN PENINSULA PURSUING THE REAR GUARD OF THE GERMAN ARMY! THIS IS K COMPANY...AND THEIR TOP KICK IS SGT. HALE...

HMM, CAN EITHER GO THROUGH THAT CUT OR UP THAT HILL... BETTER LOOK THIS OVER!

TAKE TEN MEN... GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!



IT WAS A COMBAT WISE SERGEANT WHO VIEWED THE TERRAIN...AND AT THAT MOMENT HE WAS DECIDING WHETHER TO TAKE HIS TROOPS THROUGH THE CUT OR OVER THE HILL...

SHORTER THROUGH THE CUT...BUT EASY TO DEFEND! BETTER TAKE THEM OVER THE HILL... SAFER THAT WAY, EVEN THOUGH IT'S LONGER!



BUT BEFORE HALE COULD GIVE THE ORDER TO MOVE OUT, ENEMY ARTILLERY WELCOMED THE AMERICANS TO THE AREA!

TAKE COVER! TAKE COVER!



WHILE THE GERMANS KEPT THE AMERICANS PINNED DOWN, SGT. HALE AND HIS OFFICER TRIED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THE NEXT STEP WAS TO BE...

BETTER NOT TAKE THEM THROUGH THAT CUT, LIEUTENANT... THE KRAUTS HAVE GOT THE WHOLE PLACE FORTIFIED! THEY COULD HOLD US UP FOR DAYS!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, HALE... BUT MY ORDERS ARE TO KEEP MOVING ... TO TAKE HILLS! BETTER PHONE BACK TO HEADQUARTERS TO SEE WHAT THEY WANT US TO DO!



THE PROBLEM CAME BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND WAS WEIGHED AGAINST OTHER PROBLEMS... RIGHT NOW SPEED WAS OF THE ESSENCE...

I KNOW IT'S GONNA BE A TOUGH PROPOSITION, CAPTAIN... BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE TIME! GIVE THE ORDER FOR K COMPANY TO GO THROUGH THAT CUT! IT'LL TAKE DAYS FOR THEM TO GET OVER THAT HILL!

BUT GENERAL... YES SIR!



THE ORDERS CAME BACK TO HALE AND HE PASSED THEM ON TO HIS MEN! MEN WHO WERE TIRED, WORN OUT, BEAT... BUT WHO WOULD SOMEHOW GET THROUGH THAT CUT!

ON YOUR FEET, MEN! WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

YEAH... THOUGHT THIS WAS A SIX DAY WEEK OUT HERE!



IT WAS A DISGUSTED HALE WHO WATCHED HIS MEN MOVE OUT... BECAUSE HE HAD SEEN THIS BEFORE... AND SOME OF THESE MEN WOULDN'T COME BACK! WOULD NEVER SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT CUT!

SO THEY GOTTA MAKE TIME... GOTTA KEEP THE KRAUTS ON THE RUN... BUT WHY DO THEY HAVE TO DO IT WITH MY MEN?



SLOWLY... CAREFULLY... K COMPANY MOVED TOWARD THE CUT... WERE THE GERMANS GUARDING THE APPROACHES? THAT WAS SOMETHING THEY WOULD SOON FIND OUT!



ON AND ON THEY ADVANCED...DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CUT...AND STILL NOT A SHOT HAD BEEN FIRED...WHICH ACCOUNTED FOR THE WORRIED LOOK ON HALE'S FACE...

TOO QUIET...I DON'T LIKE IT! THIS COULD EASILY BE A TRAP!



HALE HAD SPOKEN FROM EXPERIENCE...HAVING BATTLED THE GERMANS ACROSS AFRICA AND UP THE ITALIAN BOOT!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! LET THE AMERICAN SCHWEIN MOVE FURTHER INTO OUR TRAP!



THOUGH IT WAS COLD AND THE WIND WHISTLED THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN PASS, THE AMERICANS SWEATED...FOR THE SILENCE WAS THAT BORNE OF THE GRAVE...OR A TRAP!

DON'T LIKE THIS... SOMETHING WRONG HERE! THE KRAUTS ARE TOO SMART TO LET US THROUGH WITHOUT A FIGHT!



THEN THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN...

HIT IT! TAKE COVER! THEY'RE UP ON THOSE HEIGHTS!



PULL BACK! PULL BACK! WE'RE LIKE SITTING DUCKS OUT HERE IN THE CUT!

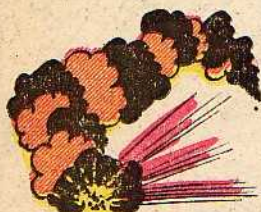


THE AMERICANS FOUGHT THEIR WAY BACK TO THEIR FORMER POSITION... AND ONCE AGAIN SILENCE SETTLED OVER THE MOUNTAINS...

SO THEY WANT US TO GO THROUGH THAT CUT, DO THEY? WANT US TO KEEP CHASING KRAUTS, DO THEY? MAYBE THEY OUGHT TO COME DOWN HERE AND DO THE JOB THEMSELVES... MAYBE THEY OUGHT TO LET US GO OVER THAT HILL LIKE I SAID IN THE FIRST PLACE!



K COMPANY
PULLED BACK...
TOOK CARE OF
ITS WOUNDED...
BURIED ITS DEAD...
AND WAITED
FOR FURTHER
ORDERS FROM
HEADQUARTERS...



WELL, THEY HAVEN'T CHANGED
THEIR MINDS... SAY WE GOTTA
GO THROUGH THAT CUT! CAN'T
GO OVER THAT HILL... TAKE
TOO MUCH TIME!



THE BLIND FOOLS... THE POOR BLIND
FOOLS! AND NOW WE GOT THIS SNOW
TO FIGHT TOO! BUT IF WE GOTTA GO
THROUGH THAT CUT... WE'RE GONNA
DO IT MY WAY... I WANNA MAKE SURE
THERE'S STILL A
K COMPANY WHEN
IT'S ALL OVER!



AND AS IT IS WITH ANY GROUP
OF MEN THERE ARE THOSE
WHO COMMAND AND THOSE
WHO OBEY... HALE WAS SUCH A
MAN... AND SET ABOUT PUTTING
THE FIRST PHASE OF HIS PLAN
INTO OPERATION!

HALE'S BLUFF WORKED AND
THE FIGHTERS CAME IN OVER
THEIR TARGET... AND QUICKLY
COVERED IT WITH A HEAVY
SMOKE SCREEN!

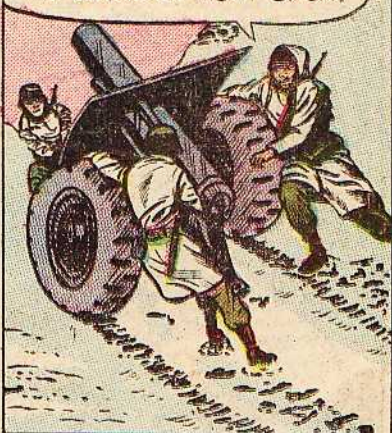
THE FIGHTERS DID THEIR PART...
AND HALE WAS QUICK TO TAKE
ADVANTAGE...

AIR COMMAND? THIS IS COLONEL
BLACK... THAT'S RIGHT, COLONEL
BLACK! I WANT YOU TO COVER
COORDINATES B-4 AND Y-7
WITH A SCREEN! THAT'S RIGHT...
0600 HOURS WILL BE FINE!

0600 HOURS...
YES SIR, COLONEL
BLACK! WE'LL
HAVE THEM
THERE!



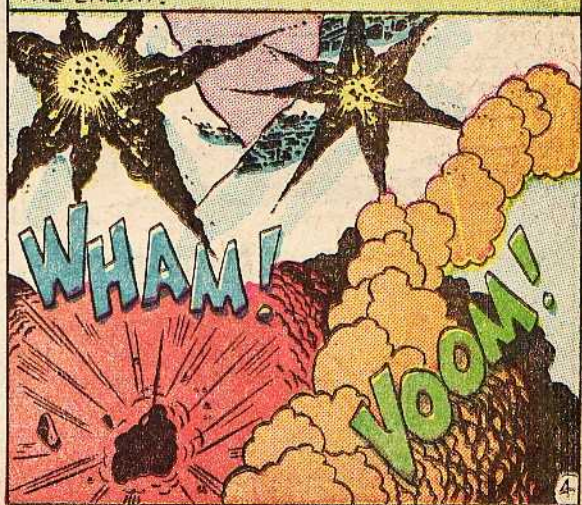
KEEP MOVIN'
YOU GUYS... GOTTA GET THESE
PIECES INTO POSITION! THIS
TIME WE WON'T BE SUCH
SITTIN' DUCKS! THIS TIME
THE DUCKS'LL FIGHT BACK!



OPEN UP... AND KEEP
POURIN' IT ON! RIGHT
NOW WE GOT THE
JUMP ON THE KRAUTS...
BUT I CAN'T
GUARANTEE IT!



YES, THE AMERICANS HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF
SURPRISE... BUT IT WAS SHORTLIVED! AND SOON
THE WHOLE AREA WAS ALIVE WITH SOUNDS AND
THE FURY OF THE BATTLE! FOR THE REARGUARD
OF ANY ARMY HAS JUST ONE DUTY... HOLD OFF
THE ENEMY!

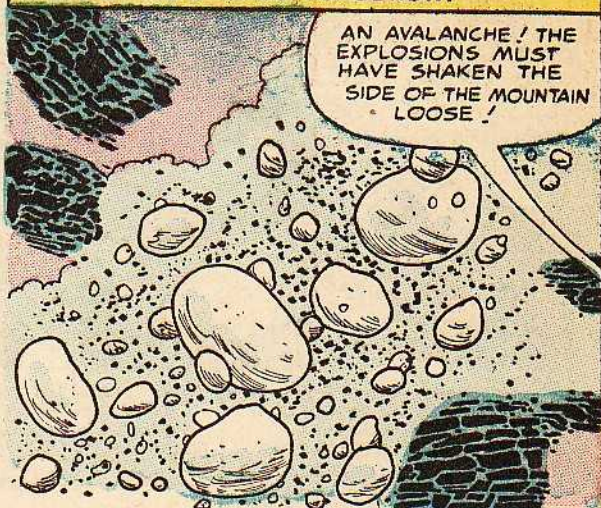


THE DUEL RAGED ON... AND THEN THE TRAINED EAR OF HALE CAUGHT A STRANGE NEW SOUND!



HEY LIEUTENANT... HEAR THAT? THAT'S NOT ARTILLARY... AT LEAST IT'S NOT BBS... I COULD PICK THEM OUT IN MY SLEEP!

IT WAS THEN THAT HALE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE CAUSE OF THE STRANGE RUMBLING...



AN AVALANCHE! THE EXPLOSIONS MUST HAVE SHAKEN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN LOOSE!

TAKE COVER! NEVER MIND THOSE PIECES... STAY UNDER THIS CLIFF! THE WAR'S OVER FOR THE TIME BEING!



FINALLY THE FURY OF THE SLIDE WAS SPENT AND THE RESULT WAS SOMETHING THAT GERMAN ARMY COULDN'T DO... THE CUT WAS COMPLETELY SEALED!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR WISH AFTER ALL, HALE... NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GO OVER THAT HILL!

GOOD! C'MON YOU GUYS... THE DAYS YOUNG YET... WE STILL GOT WORK TO DO!



THIS WAS DIFFERENT THAN THE CUT... THIS WAS HALE AND K COMPANY IN THEIR ELEMENT... THEY HAD TAKEN SO MANY HILLS, THAT THIS WAS OLD STUFF TO THEM!



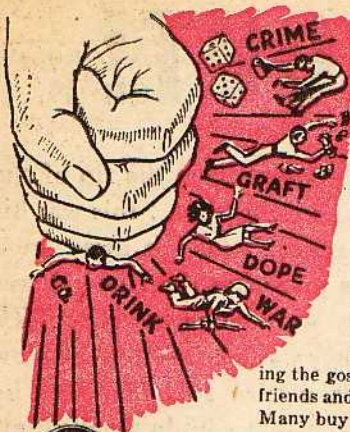
POUR IT ON! POUR IT ON! WE GOT 'EM GOIN' NOW! KEEP THAT MACHINE GUN WORKIN'!

THE BATTLE RAGED AND BEFORE THE FURY OF THE AMERICAN ONSLAUGHT THE HILL FINALLY FELL!



TAKE TEN, YOU GUYS! THERE'S ANOTHER HILL RIGHT AHEAD... LOOKS LIKE WE GO BACK TO WORK!

THAT'S RIGHT, HALE... TELL THEM THE NEWS! TELL THEM WHAT WAR IS... THAT IT ISN'T THOSE BIG BATTLES THAT COUNT... IT'S THE LITTLE SKIRMISHES... IT'S THE FIGHTING HILL BY HILL... AND THE HILL AFTER THAT!



BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!

The World Is On FIRE

Serve The LORD and You Can Have These Prizes!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page ... or dozens of others, such as rifles, jewelry, basketballs, silverware, home appliances, watches ... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35¢ ... sell on sight. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Big Prize catalog sent **Free!** Serve the LORD and earn prizes you want.

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY TOO!

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ROY ROGERS OR DALE EVANS LAMP

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PRESSURE COOKER

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos On Trust. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.

FREE! MEMBERSHIP in the FUNman's Fun Club

Just mail coupon below now and we'll send you 24 Religious Mottos ON CREDIT. Easy to sell — you get valuable prizes. EXTRA! If you sell mottos and send payment within 15 days you receive FREE Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. A membership card, certificate, giant packet of fun materials all yours PLUS extra surprises!

SEND NO MONEY ... We Trust You

The FUNman, Dept. A-138, FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG 4343 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35¢ each. Also include big Prize Catalog Free. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prizes in BIG PRIZE CATALOG PRINT BELOW

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET or R.F.D. _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Save 1 cent filling in, pasting and mailing this coupon on a 2c Postcard today.

SWEATING IT OUT!

He wiped his greasy hands on the greasy coveralls and stepped back to view his handiwork. A smile of accomplishment broke across his features . . . and then one of pride. He reached up and stroked the glistening silver body of the airplane. It was like someone scratching a dog behind its ears.

"Well, they can't say I didn't put you back into shape, Baby. You've got a new oil filter in engine No. 2 and a complete change in No. 4. Why, you're as good as new! Let them try and retire you now!"

He took a rag and wiped an imaginery spot off the nose of the ship . . . right under the name, "BUCKET OF BOLTS". Then once again he stepped back to view the airplane . . . his airplane . . . his baby. He had crew-chiefed this airplane since it had arrived in England over two years ago . . . over 240 missions back, and now they were trying to take it away from him.

"ATTENTION!"

He snapped to at the sight of all the gleaming bars and set his eyes rigidly on the line of swastikas marking the number of enemy aircraft destroyed. Then the man stepped in front of him . . . the stars gleamed from his shoulders. It was General Curtis! The old man himself!

"Hello, Chief, remember me?"

How could he forget, he had crewed the General's own ship before they had given him THE BUCKET.

"Yes Sir."

"Well, how about coming back with me? My crew chief just got rotated back to the States and I need a good replacement."

Curtis' eyes swept over the big bomber. They caught the patches in the wings and the body . . . the scars of battle . . . they went over the row upon row of bombs painted under the nose . . . they went up into the

cockpit . . . they swept from the tip of the tail guns to the nose blister . . . this was his airplane, they couldn't take it away from him. And that's just what the General was hinting at. They were going to retire THE BUCKET and they wanted to soften the blow by offering him a nice soft job. But he wouldn't take it . . . they couldn't make him!

"NO SIR! I'll stay with my ship."

The General looked at the old bomber from over his shoulder. He shook his head slowly.

"Don't know what to say, Curtis, but this ship's too . . . never mind . . ."

He turned to the young Lieutenant by his side. "Mark it Operational. It'll be going out tomorrow morning!"

The officer started to protest . . . "But Sir . . . you yourself said . . ."

"Never mind what I said!" He winked at the crew chief. "We old timers have got to stick together! All three of us!"

* * *

The cold gray morning was punctuated by the sharp staccato of a hundred bomber engines revving up. Curtis stood on the line and listened to the steady roar of THE BUCKET'S four engines. He tensed as No. 2 sputtered once, then he grinned as the steady purr caught and held.

The pilot cut the engines and motioned the crew chief over to the ship . . . young kid, knew how to fly, but he'd better take care of THE BUCKET . . .

"Yes Sir?"

"Just hope this wreck holds together."

She'll hold, don't worry about that!

"Keep an eye on that No. 2, Sir . . . that's all you have to worry about."

Then the flare was bursting across the morning sky and it was take off time. The heavy bombers trundled to the runway and

in ten minutes they were airborne. Curtis watched them as they wheeled and dealed into formation and then they were gone from sight. And the base was empty . . . in ten hours they'd be back, their bellies empty of their bombs. But ten hours was a long time . . . an awfully long time when you're waiting for your baby to come home!

* * *

"Hey Curtis, wanna shoot some pool?"

He looked at the other crew chief. What was wrong with the guy?

"Nope, think I'll hang around the line for a while. Hear they're bringing in some new ships today."

The other man shrugged and walked away.

But what do you do when the life leaves a base, and that's what happens when the bombers go on a mission. The plot of ground where they are housed is meaningless. True, the base functions, there are still things to be done, but life has no meaning . . . for there is no life. It is out in the skies over Germany!

Curtis meandered idly to the Operations building. It was about noon time, and this was a custom with him whenever THE BUCKET was on a mission. For she was over the target.

"The whining voices came through the receiver and as one the many people in the room tensed.

"We're on the bomb run . . . keep this damn ship straight and level!"

"Flack dead ahead!"

"Bandits at nine o'clock low!"

"Got 'em covered!"

"BOMBS AWAY! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!"

Then silence.

And the tense faces relaxed.

A few moments later . . . "WOWIE, we sure clobbered them! Look at that smoke! Right on the target!"

And the relaxed faces broke into grins and backs were being pounded in congratulation.

But not Curtis. He was worrying about that No. 2 engine. And sweating out THE BUCKET.

He left the Operations room and headed

back to the flight line. They'd be coming home soon . . . he wanted to be there to greet his baby.

* * *

The hours passed and still he sat and still no tiny dots in the Western sky. Where were they . . . what was keeping them?

Suddenly a muffled roar . . . which grew and grew . . . they were home! Eagerly he scanned the sky. 12-12-13-16-18. Where were the rest of them? There they were, coming in low over the trees. 20-21-22. Three missing. Where was THE BUCKET?

He watched them come in for their landings, their tires leaving black scars on the stone runway. And then they idled to their rebuttments and cut their engines. One by one. Until all was silent. And still no BUCKET.

Curtis sat on an overturned ammo container scanning the sky. The doubts began to creep into his mind. Maybe they were right. THE BUCKET was too old for combat . . . she should have been retired a long time ago. And now it was too late. Now she was a charred, burning hulk that would rot on some foreign battle field. The sun dropped below the trees and darkness began to settle over the station. And still he sat. Hoping and praying . . . and sweating. But knowing it was useless.

Midnight now. Then a hand settled on his shoulder and someone sat down beside him. The General! He stopped Curtis with a restraining shake of his head.

"Good news Curtis. Just got a call from the pilot. Had to set down at another field. They counted over a hundred flack holes in her and she lost an engine. Never thought she'd make it across the Channel. But she did, said he was kind of worried about it, but she made it!"

"Of course she made it! She'll always make it! Just give her a chance."

The sweating was over now . . . the base was alive . . . THE BUCKET was okay! They'd bring her back home and he'd patch her up and she'd go out again . . . and again . . . and again. And he'd sweat her out again! But that was all forgotten . . . right now she was okay and that's all that mattered!

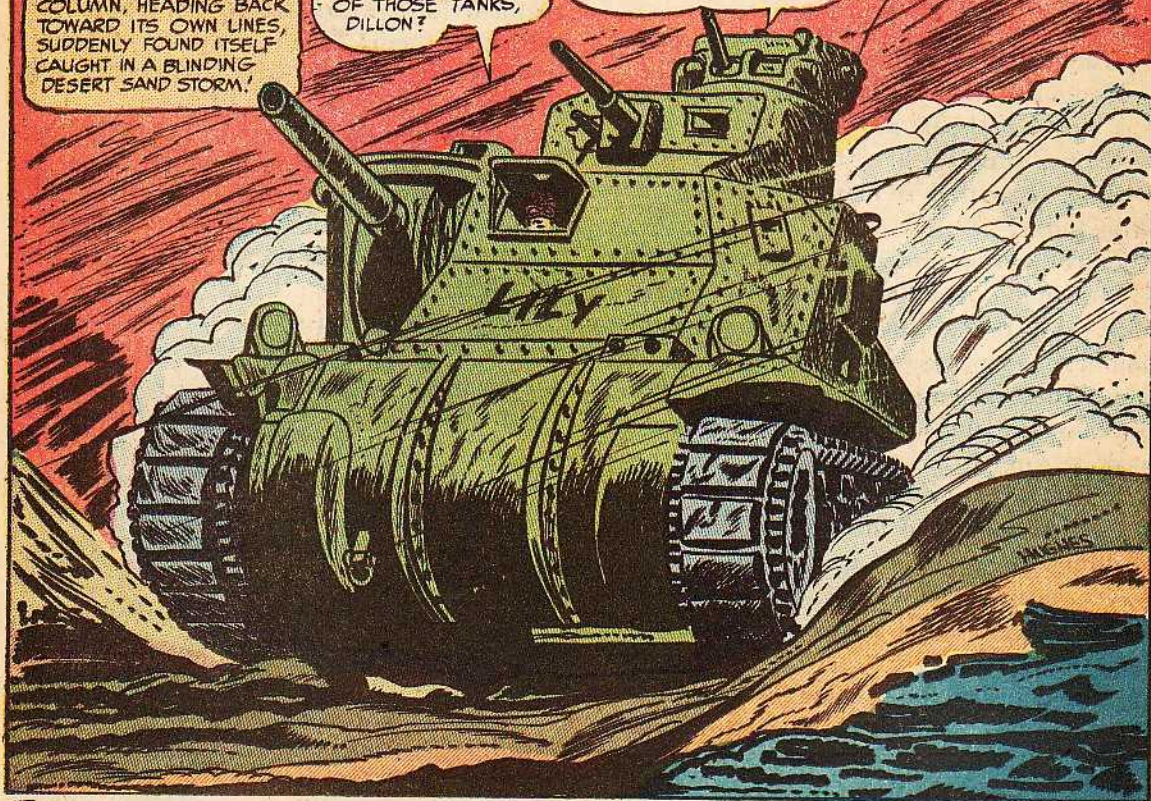
THE DARK DAYS OF '42 IN THE AFRICAN DESERT! WHERE THE SUPERIOR FORCES OF GENERAL IRWIN ROMMEL'S AFRIKA CORPS WAS STEADILY PUSHING THE ALLIES BACK... BACK... BACK! ALL THAT WAS NEEDED WAS TIME TO REGROUP... TO LAND SUPPLIES... TO REGAIN THE INITIATIVE! AND THE ONLY WAY TO GET IT WAS TO FIGHT A...

DELAYING ACTION!

AN AMERICAN TANK COLUMN, HEADING BACK TOWARD ITS OWN LINES, SUDDENLY FOUND ITSELF CAUGHT IN A BLINDING DESERT SAND STORM.

SURE YOU'RE FOLLOWING THE REST OF THOSE TANKS, DILLON?

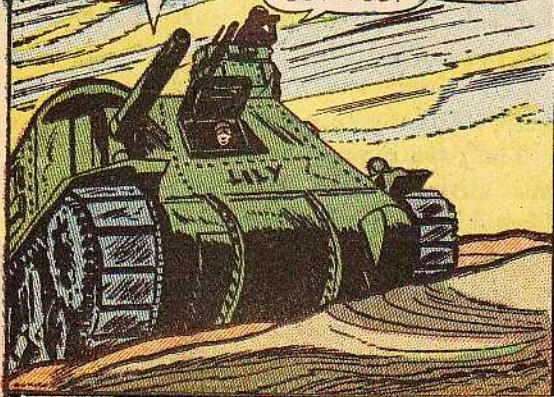
DON'T KNOW, SARGE... THIS COMPASS IS BEGINNING TO ACT KINDA CRAZY!



THE STORM LIFTED A WHILE LATER AND SGT. SINGER OF THE TANK, LILY, EAGERLY OPENED THE TURRET FOR A LOOK-SEE... AND A BREATH OF AIR! BUT LILY WAS ALONE IN THE DESERT!

GEE I'M SORRY, SARGE... IT'S ALL MY FAULT! WHAT A PLACE TO GET LOST!

FORGET IT! WE'VE BEEN IN WORSE SPOTS THAN THIS! BETTER GIVE LILY A REST WHILE WE FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE... AND WHERE WE GOTTA GO!



WE'RE RUNNIN' KINDA LOW ON WATER, SARGE... CLOSET SPOT ARE THE RUINS AT SADI BARI... WE'RE ABOUT THIRTY MILES FROM THERE!

WELL THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADIN'! WE'LL STOCK UP AND THEN PICK UP THE TRAIL BACK TO BASE... OUGHT TO MAKE IT HOME IN ABOUT 6 HOURS!



A WHILE LATER THE CREW OF LILY ARRIVED AT THE OLD FORT OF SADI BARI...

IT DIDN'T TAKE THEM LONG TO FIND THE ABANDONED WELL... BUT GETTING WATER WASN'T SO EASY!

NOT MUCH OF A PLACE... BUT RIGHT NOW IT LOOKS BETTER THAN HOME!

NEVER MIND THE WISE CRACKS, BOOTHE... WE'D BETTER START HUNTIN' FOR THAT WELL! NEVER CAN TELL WHEN THE KRAUTS ARE LIABLE TO PAY US A VISIT!

HEY SARGE, THE WELL'S RUN DRY! ONLY THING THAT'S LEFT IS A SMALL TRICKLE... AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'LL DRY UP ANY MINUTE!

START FILLIN' YOUR CANTEEN HODGES! WE'LL DUMP ALL THE EMPTY CANS WE CAN FIND DOWN TO YOU! FILL AS MANY AS YOU CAN... WE'VE GOTTA HAVE WATER!



THE MEN BUSIED THEMSELVES WITH THE TASK OF GETTING OUT THE WATER... AND FOR A TIME FORGOT ABOUT THE WAR... ALMOST...

TAKE COVER! WANT 'EM TO THINK THIS PLACE IS EMPTY! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE 'EM WITHOUT ANY GUN-FIRE... PROBABLY THE ADVANCE SCOUTS AND WE CAN'T BRING THE WHOLE COMPANY DOWN ON US!

THE TWO GERMANS ADVANCED UNSUSPECTINGLY INTO THE RUINS OF SADI BARI... AND SUDDENLY...

HEY SARGE... TWO JERRIES HEADED THIS WAY!

DON'T LET 'EM SPOT YOU... DON'T WANT 'EM TO KNOW WE'RE HERE!



UNGHHH! THAT'S IT... DON'T LET 'EM FIRE THOSE RIFLES!



THE TUSSELE WAS OVER ALMOST BEFORE IT BEGAN... AND SINGER'S NEXT JOB WAS TO QUESTION HIS PRISONERS... QUESTION HE DID, BUT GETTING ANSWERS WAS ANOTHER PROBLEM...

SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY THE AMERICAN SERGEANT RAISED THE CANTEEN TO HIS LIPS AND LET THE FLUID TRICKLE DOWN HIS THROAT... THE GERMANS WATCHED... THEIR CRACKED LIPS SMARTING UNDER THE PAIN OF THE DESERT SUN... THEIR PARCHED MINDS KNOWING ONLY OF THE WATER IN FRONT OF THEM...

SO THEY DON'T WANT TO TALK, EH? HAND ME A CANTEEN, CHARLEY... I GOT A HUNCH THEY CAME TO SADI BARI FOR THE SAME REASON THAT WE DID... WATER!

THE SARGE SAYS WATER FOR ANSWERS... WASSER FOR ANSWER!

WASSER! WASSER!



THE SIGHT OF THE WATER WAS ENOUGH... THE GERMANS TALKED READILY! IT WAS JUST AS SGT SINGER HAD FIGURED... AND HAD FEARED... THESE WERE TWO ADVANCE SCOUTS AHEAD OF THE MAIN COMPANY OF THE AFRICA CORPS... WHO WERE ALSO HEADED FOR SADI BARI IN SEARCH OF WATER...



THIS PUT A NEW LIGHT ON THE SITUATION... AND THE MEN OF LILY LISTENED TO THE SERGEANT AS HE TOLD THEM THE SCORE!

I'LL LEAVE IT UP TO YOU GUYS... WE CAN PULL OUT NOW AND MAKE IT BACK TO OUR LINES! OR WE CAN STAY HERE AND FIGHT A DELAYING ACTION... WE MIGHT NOT COME OUT OF IT, BUT IF WE CAN HOLD THIS COLUMN FOR A FEW DAYS IT MIGHT GIVE US THE TIME WE NEED! WHAT DO YOU SAY?



I'LL STAY! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?

ME TOO! BESIDES I WANT TO SEE THE LOOKS ON THEIR FACES WHEN WE OPEN UP ON 'EM!

YEAH... COUNT ME IN!

GOOD! LET'S GO TO WORK!



THIS WAS THEIR BUSINESS... AND THEY WENT ABOUT THEIR TASK WITH DISPATCH... EFFICIENCY... KNOW-HOW!

THE AMERICAN TANKERS FORTIFIED THEIR POSITION AS BEST THEY COULD... AND THEN ADDED THE PIECE DE RESISTANCE...

HEY SARGE! THE WELL JUST WENT DRY!

TOO LATE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT... BRING UP SOME MORE AMMO!

WHAT A SURPRISE WHEN OLE LILY OPENS UP!



ANOTHER COUPLE OF STICKS HERE CHARLEY... AND COVER UP THAT LEAD WIRE... DON'T WANT TO GIVE THIS AWAY!

RIGHT SARGE! MAY NOT BE THE BEST MINE FIELD IN THE WAR... BUT IT'LL DO PLENTY!



THE SUN BEAT DOWN ON THE DESERT FLOOR AND THEN THE GERMAN COLUMN MADE ITS APPEARANCE... AND HEADED TOWARD SADI BARI... AND THE PRECIOUS WATER... AND THE TRAP THAT LAY AWAITING!

HERE THEY COME... HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD!



ON AND ON THEY CAME... THEIR EYES OPEN IN ANTICIPATION OF THE COOL, COOL WATER THAT LAY AWAITING FOR THEM... BUT THEIR EYES OPENED WIDER AS THE TRAP WAS CLOSED!

THE EFFECT WAS PERFECT... AND THE GERMAN RANKS SUDDENLY SWELLED AND BROKE BEFORE THE DEADLY FIREPOWER OF THE ENEMY...



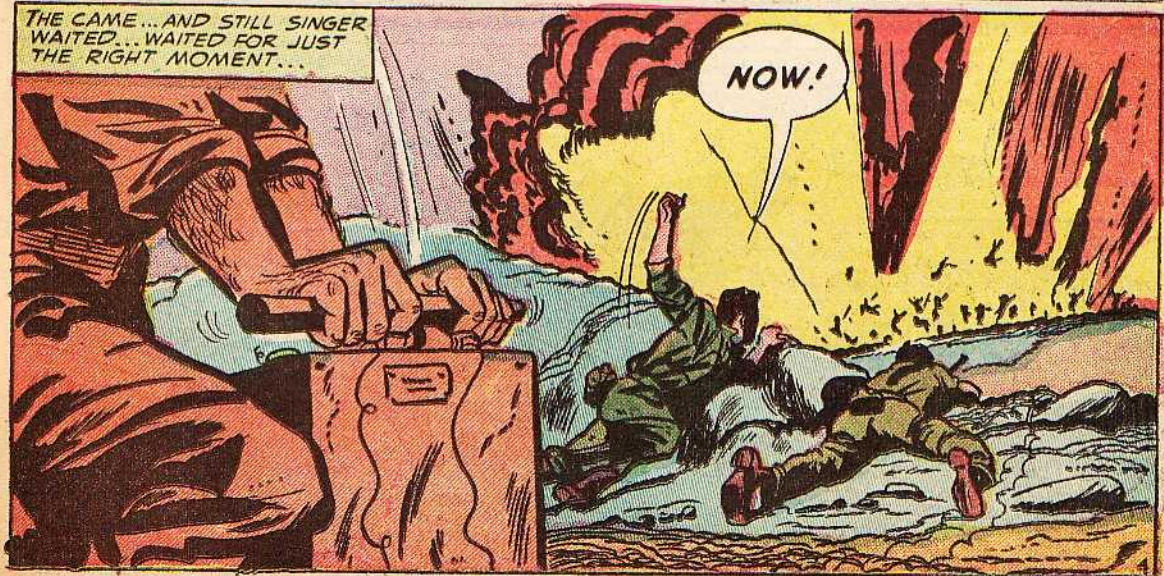
BUT THE GERMANS ARE A WELL-DISCIPLINED SOLDIER, AND BEFORE THE COMMANDS OF THEM OFFICERS REGROUPED FOR AN ATTACK... IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE OUTNUMBERED ENEMY WOULD SOON FALL...



THE OFFICER WAS RIGHT... AND SO THEY TURNED AND CHARGED!



THE GAME... AND STILL SINGER WAITED... WAITED FOR JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT...



THE GERMANS RETIRED AFTER THE STUNNING DEFEAT TO REGROUP...AND THE DELAYING ACTION HAD HELD FOR ONE DAY!

BUT THE GERMANS DIDN'T KNOW... AND COULDN'T CONTINUE THEIR MARCH WITHOUT THE WATER...AND SO NEXT MORNING!

GO EASY ON THAT WATER, NOT TOO MUCH LEFT! TOO BAD THE KRAUTS DON'T KNOW JUST HOW MUCH WE HAVE... THEY'D FORGET THIS PLACE!



HEY SARGE...LOOK, A FLAG OF TRUCE...LOOKS LIKE THEY WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK!

YEAH... AND I KNOW ABOUT WHAT! YOU GUYS COVER ME! I GOT A FEW WORDS I WANT TO SAY TO THEM!



SINGER WENT OUT INTO THE DESERT TO HEAR WHAT THE GERMANS HAD TO SAY...AND THEN TO SPEAK A FEW WORDS OF HIS OWN...ANYTHING THAT WOULD GIVE THEM TIME!

...AND THAT WAS SINGER'S OFFER... TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT! FOR THE TIME BEING THE GERMANS WOULD LEAVE IT! THEY WOULD SLUG IT OUT WITH THE TANKERS!

LOOK HANS, HE'S ONLY A SERGEANT! WHY I'VE... NEVER MIND... THIS IS MY OFFER! IF YOU AND YOUR MEN SURRENDER, I GUARANTEE YOUR SAFETY AS PRISONERS OF WAR!

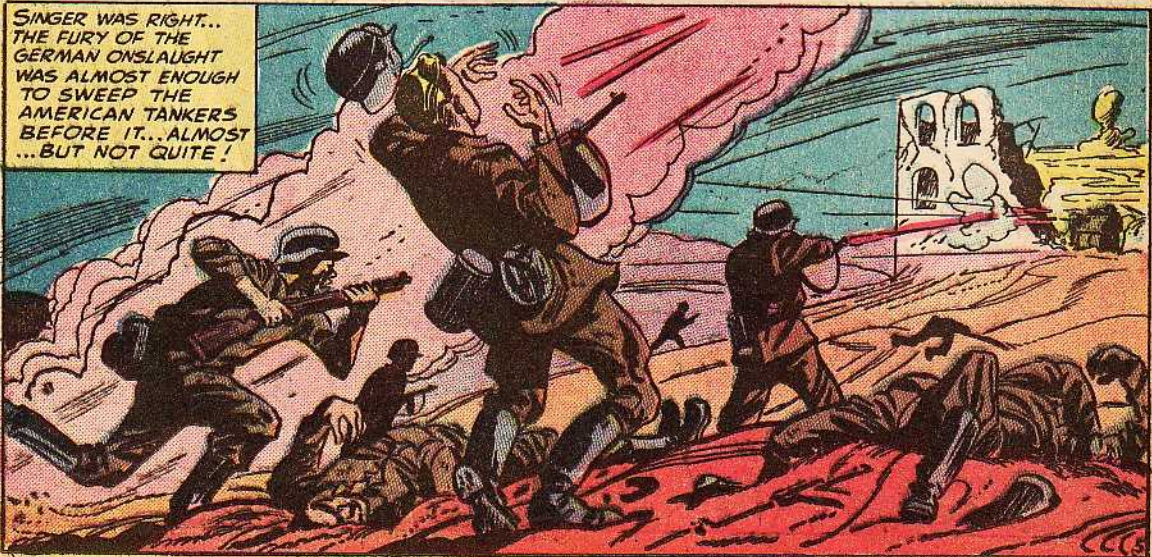
THAT'S RIGHT, FRITZ, ONLY A SERGEANT... BUT I'M THE ONE TO MAKE THE PROPOSITION... NOT YOU! WATER FOR GUNS! FOR EVERY RIFLE YOU TURN OVER I'LL GIVE ONE CUP OF WATER! ONE RIFLE... ONE CUP... SAVVY?

THINK I GOT 'EM MAD ENOUGH TO FIGHT! WHICH IS OKAY WITH US! GIVE OUR BOYS SOME MORE TIME... BETTER START BRINGIN' UP SOME MORE AMMO... THEY'RE GONNA THROW THE KITCHEN SINK AT US THIS TIME!

DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE CAN HOLD, SARGE! GETTIN' KINDA LOW ON THE STUFF!



SINGER WAS RIGHT... THE FURY OF THE GERMAN ONSLAUGHT WAS ALMOST ENOUGH TO SWEEP THE AMERICAN TANKERS BEFORE IT...ALMOST...BUT NOT QUITE!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE TANKERS BEAT OFF THE PRIDE OF THE AFRIKA CORPS! HOURS LENGTHENED INTO DAYS...AND DAYS WAS WHAT SINGER WAS AFTER...AND HAD GAINED! THE RUINS OF SADI BARI WERE IMPENETRABLE... AND THE AMERICANS TOOK EVERY ADVANTAGE OF THE TERRAIN! ANOTHER TRUCE WAS HELD... AND AGAIN THE OFFER WAS RIFLES FOR WATER... AND AGAIN THE GERMANS REFUSED!

BUT THERE WERE OTHER WAYS TO FIGHT THE DELAYING ACTION THAN WITH GUNS AND BULLETS!

SCHWIEN...LOOK AT THEM BATHING!



BUT IN THE RUINS...

TOO BAD THIS REALLY ISN'T WATER, SARGE! SURE COULD USE A BATH!

SO COULD I! JUST HOPE THAT THIS IS HAVING THE EFFECT I THINK IT IS. THEY'VE BEEN WITHOUT WATER A LONG TIME!



THE DAYS PASSED AND THE BATTLE RAGED... BUT THE AMERICANS HELD... BUT THEY REACHED THE POINT OF NO RETURN! THEIR AMMUNITION WAS EXHAUSTED!

BUT THE GERMANS WEREN'T INTERESTED IN PRISONERS AT THAT POINT... THE WAR WAS FORGOTTEN... AND THE KRAUTS WERE TAKING SINGER UP ON HIS OFFER!

HERE THEY COME AGAIN, SARGE! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE HAD IT!

C'MON KRAUTS... COME AND GET IT! YOU WANTED WATER... WELL IT'S ALL YOURS! ALL OF IT! WHATEVER YOU CAN FIND! IT'LL BE WORTH A POW CAMP JUST TO SEE YOUR FACES!



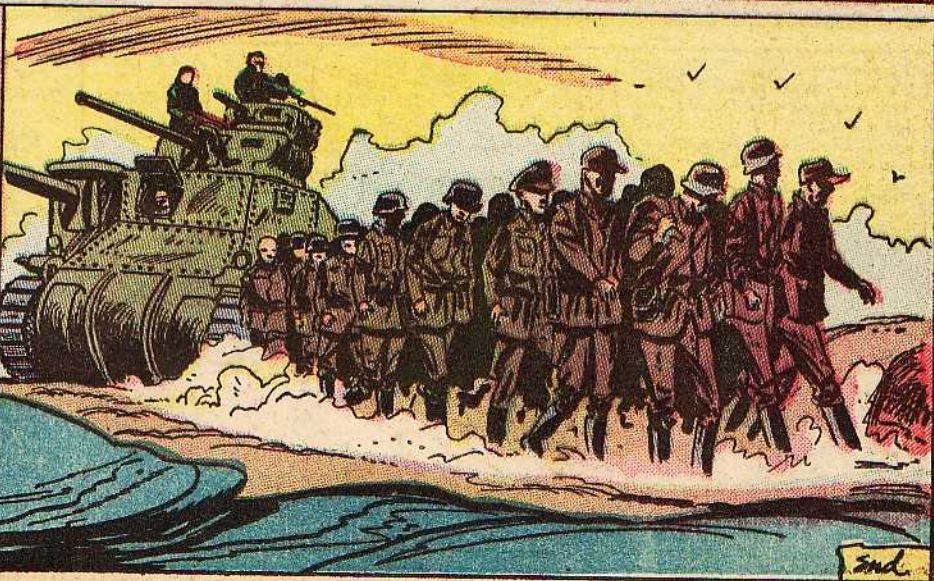
WASSER! WASSER!

LOOK AT THAT, WILL YA SARGE! THEY'RE SURRENDERING!

QUICK! GET THOSE RIFLES AND GET UPON THE TANK! THIS IS GONNA TURN OUT TO BE MORE THAN JUST A HOLDING ACTION!



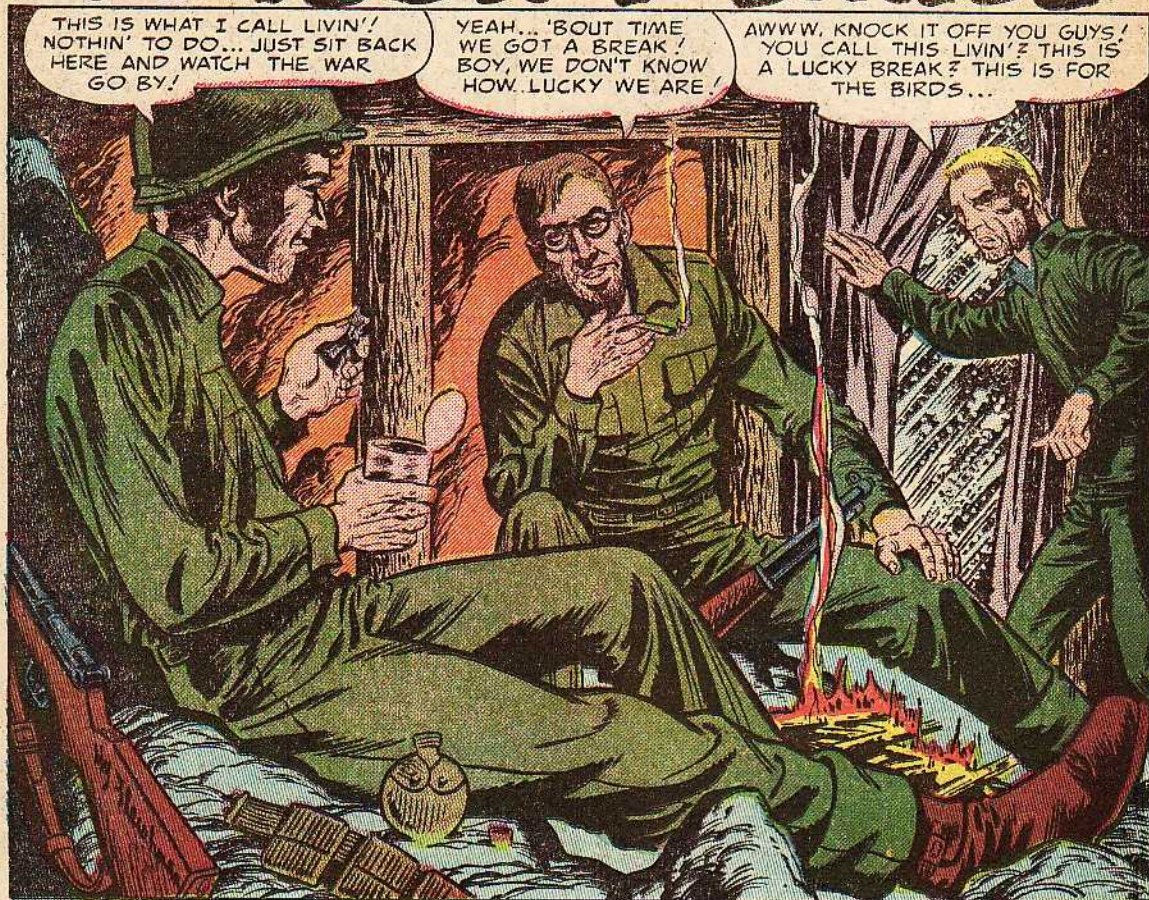
YES, THE DELAYING ACTIONED TURNED OUT TO BE A VICTORY FOR THE ALLIES... BUT IT WAS MORE THAN JUST A VICTORY... FOR IT PROVED THAT A HANDFUL OF TANKERS COULD TAKE THE BEST THAT THE AFRIKA CORPS HAD TO OFFER... TAKE IT... AND DISH IT OUT... AND SO SOON THE TIDE OF BATTLE IN THE DESERT WAS TO SWING IN OUR FAVOR... SOON THERE WAS NO NEED FOR DELAYING ACTIONS!



End

SOMETIMES THERE IS MORE TO THE WINNING OF A WAR THAN THE TAKING OF A TOWN... THE HOLDING OF A RIDGELINE... THE BOMBING OF A SUPPLY DEPOT... SOMETIMES A SMALL, INSIGNIFICANT EPISODE OCCURS WHICH COMPLETELY OVERSHADOWS THE SOUNDS AND THE FURY OF THE BATTLE... THIS IS THE TALE OF SUCH AN EPISODE... THE STORY OF...

The BOY WHO WOULDN'T SMILE



THIS IS WHAT I CALL LIVIN'! NOthin' TO DO... JUST SIT BACK HERE AND WATCH THE WAR GO BY!

YEAH... 'BOUT TIME WE GOT A BREAK! BOY, WE DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY WE ARE!

AWWW, KNOCK IT OFF YOU GUYS! YOU CALL THIS LIVIN'? THIS IS A LUCKY BREAK? THIS IS FOR THE BIRDS...

LEAVE IT TO NOREN TO THROW A DAMPER ON THE CONVERSATION... NEVER SAW A GUY WHO COULD GRIPE ABOUT SO MANY THINGS!

AH, LEAVE HIM ALONE... HE'S JUST BEEN OUT HERE TOO LONG! HE'LL BE OKAY AS SOON AS HE GETS HOME!

HOME! A LOT HE KNOWS ABOUT MY HOME! THAT'S WHY I CAME OUT HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE... TO GET AWAY FROM HOME!

HOME MEANS A LOT OF THINGS TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE... BUT TO NOREN IT MEANT JUST ONE THING... HATRED! FOR HE CAME FROM A BROKEN HOME... A PLACE OF NO LOVE... NO UNDERSTANDING... A PLACE WHERE HE WAS NEITHER UNDERSTOOD NOR WANTED! AND THAT'S WHAT MADE THIS SOLDIER GRIPE SO MUCH... IT WAS HIS DEFENSE AGAINST BEING ALONE... BEING UNWANTED!



BUT THE WAR MUST GO ON, AND A SHORT TIME LATER...

OKAY YOU GUYS, THE PARTY'S OVER! JUST GOT A REPORT ABOUT RED SNIPERS DOWN IN KAESONG... BETTER HAVE A LOOK-SEE AROUND!

GUESS IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! MAYBE NOREN OVER THERE'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA!



NOW THE TALK OF HOME WAS FORGOTTEN, FOR THE THREE G.I.'S WERE BACK IN BUSINESS... BACK TO WORK... AND THIS WAS SOMETHING THEY KNEW HOW TO DO... FOR THEY WERE THE BEST!

YOU TAKE THAT SIDE, NOREN... WE'LL COVER THIS AREA!

RIGHT! BUT TAKE IT SLOW... TOO MANY OPEN SPOTS ALONG THIS STREET!



SUDDENLY...

TAKE COVER! LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND THEM!

NOISEY BUNCH! MAYBE WE CAN QUIET THINGS DOWN FOR THEM!

CLATTER CLANG



COVER ME! I'M GOING INSIDE!

RIGHT! WE'LL WAIT FOR YOUR SIGNAL!



TENSELY THE TWO G.I.'S WAITED FOR NOREN'S SIGNAL... TIME PASSED SLOWLY... AND FINALLY HE MADE HIS REAPPEARANCE... BUT HE WASN'T ALONE...

WE'LL... HERE'S YOUR SNIPER!

WE'LL I'LL BE... IT'S A LITTLE BOY!

YEAH... HOW ABOUT THAT!



IT'S OKAY, KID... WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS... WE WON'T HURT YOU!

YEAH... C'MON... GIVE US A SMILE!

WHAT'S HE GOT TO SMILE ABOUT... PROBABLY AN ORPHAN... NO PLACE TO GO... AW FORGET HIM... LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP... TIME'S A-WASTIN'!

THE THREE AMERICANS HEADED BACK TOWARD THEIR ENCAMPMENT... FOLLOWED BY THE LITTLE BOY WHO WOULDN'T SMILE...

G'WAN KID, BEAT IT! YOU'LL ONLY GET IN TROUBLE HANGIN' ROUND US!



MAYBE MISERY LOVES COMPANY... WHO KNOWS? BUT AT ANY RATE THE SMALL BOY FOLLOWED THE G.I.'S BACK TO THEIR BASE ...



YOU KNOW SOMETHING? I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS KID... I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM CRACK A SMILE YET!

YEAH... C'MON KID, LET'S SEE THOSE TEETH! EVERYTHING IS GONNA BE OKAY NOW! DARN IT, WHY DOESN'T HE SMILE?

AND SO IT BECAME AN OBSESSION WITH THE G.I.'S... TO MAKE THIS LITTLE BOY SMILE... AND THROUGH IT ALL NOREN SAT BACK SILENTLY AND WATCHED... AND DID NOTHING!



MAYBE HE'S HUNGRY... SURE, THAT MUST BE IT! C'MON KID.. EAT ALL YOU WANT!

AND WHEN YOU FINISH WITH THAT, WE'VE GOT SOME ICE CREAM FOR YOU... IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE HIM SMILE NOTHING WILL!

BUT IT WASN'T THE FOOD! OH, HE WAS HUNGRY ALL RIGHT... POLISHED OFF THE WHOLE MEAL... BUT STILL NO SMILE... AND NOREN STILL WATCHED... AND WAITED!



DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT, KID? THAT FELLA USED TO BE WITH A CIRCUS... HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE KIDS LIKE YOU LAUGH... THERE NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT BACK FLIP?

GUESS HE DON'T THINK TOO MUCH OF IT... LOOKS A LITTLE SADDER TO ME!

NOW IT WAS A CHALLENGE... THEY HAD TO MAKE THIS KID SMILE!



TOYS! BET THAT'S WHAT HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR YEARS!

SURE... A KID'S GOTTA HAVE TOYS! GO AHEAD... THEY'RE ALL FOR YOU!

THEY HELD THEIR BREATHS AS HE PICKED UP THE TOYS... HE PICKED IT UP SLOWLY... TURNED IT OVER AND OVER... EXAMINED IT FROM EVERY ANGLE... BUT HE DIDN'T SMILE!



AW, WHY DON'T YOU TWO KNOCK IT OFF! YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT KID SMILE... AND SUPPOSIN' YOU DO... SO WHAT?



MAYBE NOREN WAS RIGHT... MAYBE IT WAS ALL WASTED EFFORT! THE FOOD, THE TRICKS, THE TOYS NONE OF THESE SEEMED TO HAVE ANY EFFECT! NOBODY NOTICED IT... BUT THE ONLY THING THE KID HAD EYES FOR... WAS NOREN!

THE DAYS PASSED AND STILL THE LITTLE BOY WOULDN'T SMILE... AND THE MEN GAVE UP! FOR THEY HAD OTHER TASKS TO PERFORM... BUT THE LITTLE BOY DIDN'T LEAVE, HE HUNG AROUND AND WATCHED... WATCHED AND WAITED!

COME ON YOU GUYS... LETS GET THIS DEAL OVER WITH! GOT ME A HEAVY DATE WITH A WAC TONIGHT!

NEVER SAW A GLUTTON FOR A WORK! FOR A GUY WHO'S ALWAYS GRIPING, YOU SURE DO MORE THAN YOUR SHARE OF WORK!



AND AFTER THE JOB WAS FINISHED...

HEY NOREN, YOU GOT COMPANY!

YEAH... YOUR SHADOW IS HERE AGAIN!

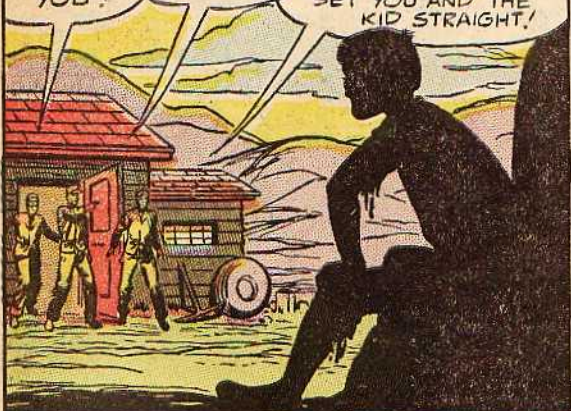
SHADOW? WHAT ARE YOU JOKERS TALKING ABOUT NOW?



THAT KID, THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! HE DOESN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF YOU!

YEAH... TRAILS YOU AROUND LIKE A LOST PUPPY!

IS THAT RIGHT... YOU GUYS THINK THERE'S SOMETHING BETWEEN US, EH? WELL, HERE'S WHERE I SET YOU AND THE KID STRAIGHT!



MAYBE IT WASN'T STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART, BUT IT WAS STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

NOW LOOK... DON'T GET ANY FUNNY IDEA ABOUT YOU AND ME... MAYBE YOU'D BE BETTER OFF IF YOU TOOK OFF FROM HERE... TOO MANY MOUTHS TO FEED AS IT IS! SO G'WAN KID... BEAT IT!



THE BOY AND THE MAN LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES FOR ONE LONG MOMENT... AND WHO CAN SAY WHAT THEY SAW THERE? FOR NOREN QUICKLY SPUN ON HIS HEEL AND WALKED AWAY... AND THE LITTLE BOY LOOKED AFTER HIM...



... LOOKED AFTER HIM UNTIL HE COULDN'T SEE... FOR IT'S KIND OF TOUGH TO SEE WITH TEARS IN YOUR EYES! WHAT KIND OF TEARS? WHO KNOWS... MAYBE LONGING... PERHAPS LONELINESS... MAYBE EVEN DESIRE!



EVEN IN KOREA THE TIME PASSES... SLOWLY, IT'S TRUE... BUT IT DOES PASS! AND WHEN IT DOES, SO DOES YOUR ASSIGNMENT! AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'RE BACK IN THE LINES... AND YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER KIND OF A JOB!

WELL, THIS BEATS WORKIN' DOESN'T IT? THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS SAY HOME IS WHERE YA PARK YA HAT!

MAYBE SO... BUT I WONDER WHAT THE KID'LL CALL HOME... AND I WONDER IF THEY'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE HIM SMILE!

YEAH... TOO BAD THEY HAD TO TAKE HIM AWAY... TOO BAD!

NOREN SAT THERE FOR A MOMENT... SILENT... THINKING... WHO KNOWS WHAT PASSED THROUGH HIS MIND... MAYBE IT WAS HIS CHILDHOOD ... THE EMPTY DAYS... THE LONELY NIGHTS... MAYBE HE REMEMBERED A BROKEN HOME... WHO KNOWS? FOR THEN...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE KID? WHERE IS HE? YA GOTTA TELL ME!

TAKE IT EASY, NOREN ... TAKE IT EASY! I HEARD THE SERGEANT SAY THAT ALL UNATTACHED KIDS GOTTA BE SENT TO SOME KIND OF HOME!



NO, NOREN DIDN'T DESERT HIS POST... HE WAS A BETTER SOLDIER THAN THAT! HE WAITED UNTIL HE WAS RELIEVED AND THEN RACED TO THE REAR AREA...

YA GOTTA TELL ME WHERE THAT KID IS, SARGE! YA GOTTA TELL ME!

OKAY! OKAY! WE SENT HIM TO SOME ORPHANAGE DOWN BY SEOUL... HE'LL GET GOOD CARE THERE... MAYBE THEY'LL EVEN MAKE HIM SMILE!



NOREN GOT HIS PASS ALL RIGHT... HE WOULD HAVE GONE TO SEOUL EVEN IF HE DIDN'T GET IT! AND IT WAS A STRANGE SIGHT TO SEE THIS ROUGH, TOUGH G.I. PLEADING WITH THE KINDLY OLD PADRE!

...BUT PADRE, I BEEN IN THESE PLACES... ALMOST ALL MY LIFE! YOU WANT THAT KID TO SMILE? WELL HE WON'T LEARN IN THIS PLACE! YA GOTTA LET HIM COME WITH ME... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM JUST FINE!

WELL... THERE'S TRUTH IN YOUR WORDS, AMERICAN SOLDIER... MAYBE I SHOULD... MAYBE IT'S AGAINST THE RULES... BUT WHAT ARE RULES FOR...



...ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN! AND A SHORT TIME LATER... THE SMALL BOY WALKED OUT OF THE ORPHANAGE...



...WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE!



AND THERE WAS ALSO A SMILE ON THE FACE OF NOREN! FOR THE MAN AND THE SMALL BOY HAD FOUND THE LINK THAT HAD MADE THEM FORGET... THEY HAD FOUND SOMETHING... SOMEONE TO BELONG TO... EACH OTHER!

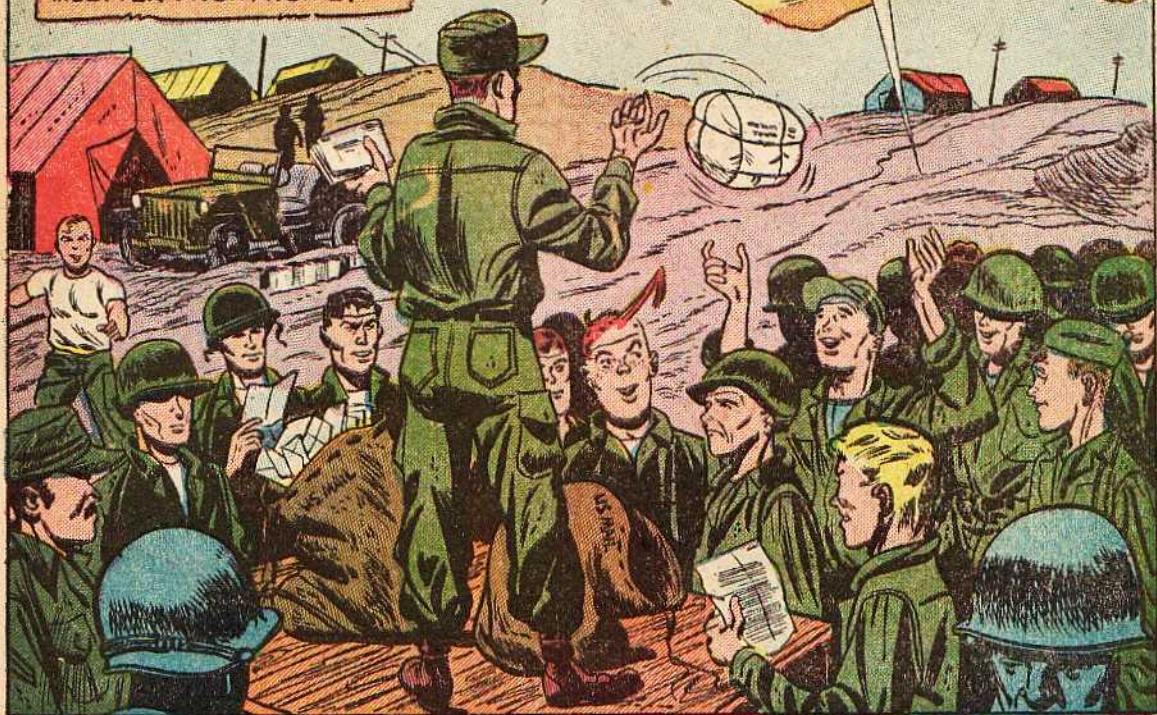
The End

Pvt. Ike in Letter from Home!

THE TRUCE HAD BEEN SIGNED AND THE FIGHTING HAD STOPPED ... AND TIME HUNG HEAVY ON DOG COMPANY'S HANDS! BUT IT WAS AN UNEASY TRUCE AND THE U.N. ARMIES HAD TO STAY ON GUARD... JUST IN CASE! BOREDOM WAS THE BIGGEST THING TO COMBAT... AND ONE WAY OF DOING IT WAS WITH THE ...**LETTER FROM HOME!**

HERE'S THAT CAKE, EDDIE! LIKE CLOCKWORK EVERY WEEK ... YOUR MOM NEVER MISSES, DOES SHE?

HEY, MARTY... ANYTHING FOR ME? EXPECTIN' AN IMPORTANT LETTER FROM MY GIRL!



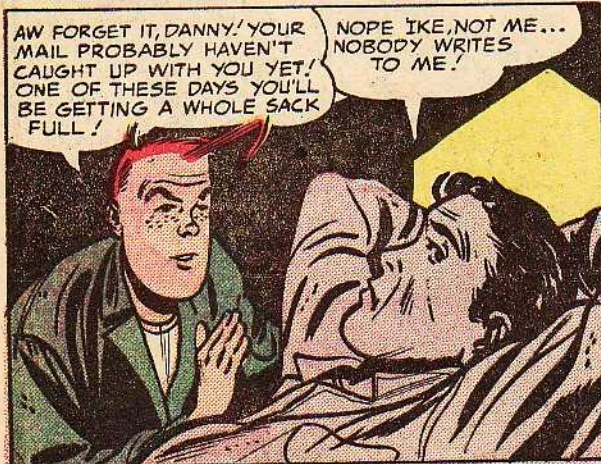
BUT NOT EVERY GI RECEIVED MAIL... TAKE THE CASE OF DANNY FOWLER... EVERYDAY IT WAS THE SAME THING WITH HIM...



IT TEARS YOUR GUTS OUT TO SEE A GUY BUST UP BE-
CAUSE OF LOW MORAL... SO THE ONLY THING I COULD
DO WAS TO TRY AND CHEER UP DANNY FOWLER...

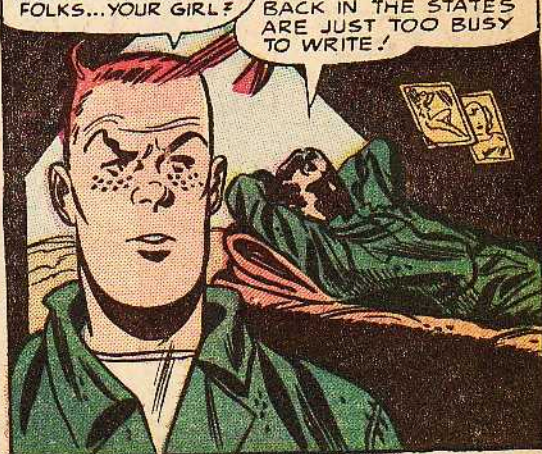
AW FORGET IT, DANNY! YOUR
MAIL PROBABLY HAVEN'T
CAUGHT UP WITH YOU YET!
ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL
BE GETTING A WHOLE SACK
FULL!

NOPE IKE, NOT ME...
NOBODY WRITES
TO ME!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN
NOBODY WRITES TO
YOU...HOW ABOUT YOUR
FOLKS...YOUR GIRL?

HAVEN'T GOT ANY FAMILY..
OR A GIRL...AND I
GUESS MY FRIENDS'
BACK IN THE STATES
ARE JUST TOO BUSY
TO WRITE!



YEAH... I KNOW ABOUT FRIENDS
LIKE THAT... SEEM TO FORGET ALL
ABOUT US GUYS OUT HERE IN KOREA..
ESPECIALLY NOW THAT THE TRUCE
HAS BEEN SIGNED! TOO BAD THEY
DON'T STOP TO THINK A LITTLE...
ESPECIALLY
ABOUT US!



AW LET'S FORGET ABOUT IT
FOR A WHILE AND PLAY SOME
SOFT BALL... TAKE YOUR MIND
OFF IT! AND I'LL SEE WHAT
I CAN DO ABOUT HAVING
SOME OF MY FOLKS WRITE
TO YOU... THEY KNOW WHAT
IT MEANS FOR A GUY TO
GET MAIL!

GEE...IKE, WOULD
YOU REALLY DO
THAT! THAT
WOULD BE
GREAT!



DAYS TURNED INTO WEEKS AND STILL NO LETTERS
FOR DANNY FOWLER... BUT HE ATTENDED EACH MAIL
CALL FAITHFULLY... HOPEFULLY!

YOU'RE SURE YOU SENT MY
NAME TO YOUR FOLKS, IKE?
MAYBE TODAY I'LL GET A
LETTER... MAYBE TODAY'S
THE DAY!

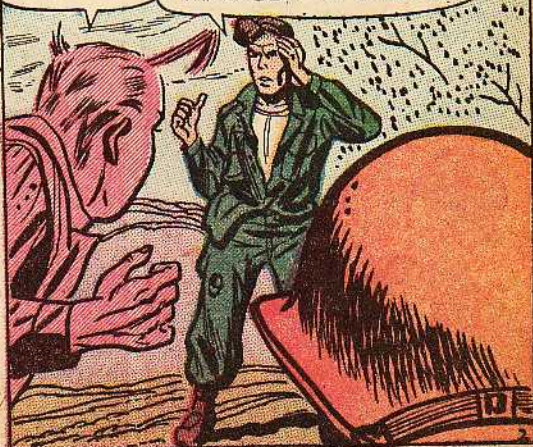
SURE IT IS,
DANNY... BUT UNLESS
MARTY SHOWS UP
NONE OF US ARE
GONNA GET ANY MAIL
...WONDER WHAT'S
KEEPING THE GUY?



MARTY FINALLY SHOWED UP... BUT NOT IN THE
CONDITION THAT DOG COMPANY WAS USED TO..

MARTY! WHAT
HAPPENED?

GUERRILLAS... JUMPED ME...
DOWN THE ROAD...
MANAGED TO ESCAPE!





DANNY DISAPPEARED FOR A SHORT WHILE, AND WHEN IKE FINALLY FOUND HIM...



I SAW THERE WOULD BE NO STOPPING DANNY... AND I REALLY DIDN'T BLAME HIM... AND SO A SHORT TIME LATER...

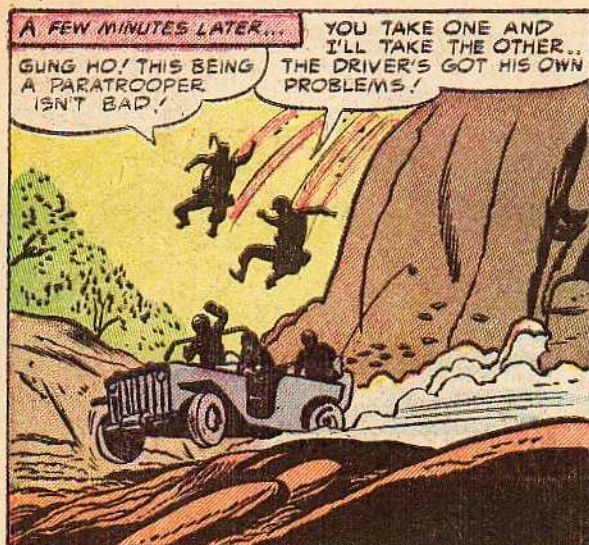


NOT KNOWING THE TERRAIN I LET DANNY TAKE CHARGE... AFTER ALL, IT WAS HIS LETTER!



DANNY HAD LAID HIS PLANS WELL, AND A SHORT TIME LATER FOUND US CROUCHING BEHIND SOME HIGH BOULDERS THAT OVERLOOKED THE APPROACHES, TO THE GUERILLA'S HIDE OUT!





How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey

The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be bumming Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it fast or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count



above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

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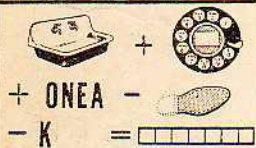
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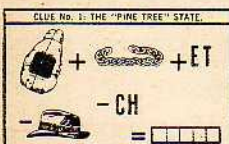
HOW TO SOLVE SAMPLE PUZZLE

CLUE No. 1: THE "HOOSIER" STATE:



You will see there are a SINK, a DIAL, the SOLE of a shoe and various letters of the alphabet. There are two plus and two minus signs. It is necessary to add and subtract the names and letters as shown by the plus and minus signs. First, write down SINK. Then, add DIAL to it. Next, add ONEA. All this equals SINKDIALONEA. Now, you must subtract the letters in SOLE and K. When this is done you are left with INDIANA. Indiana is the Hoosier State, so the result checks with Clue No. 1.

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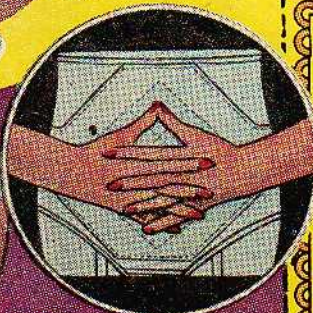
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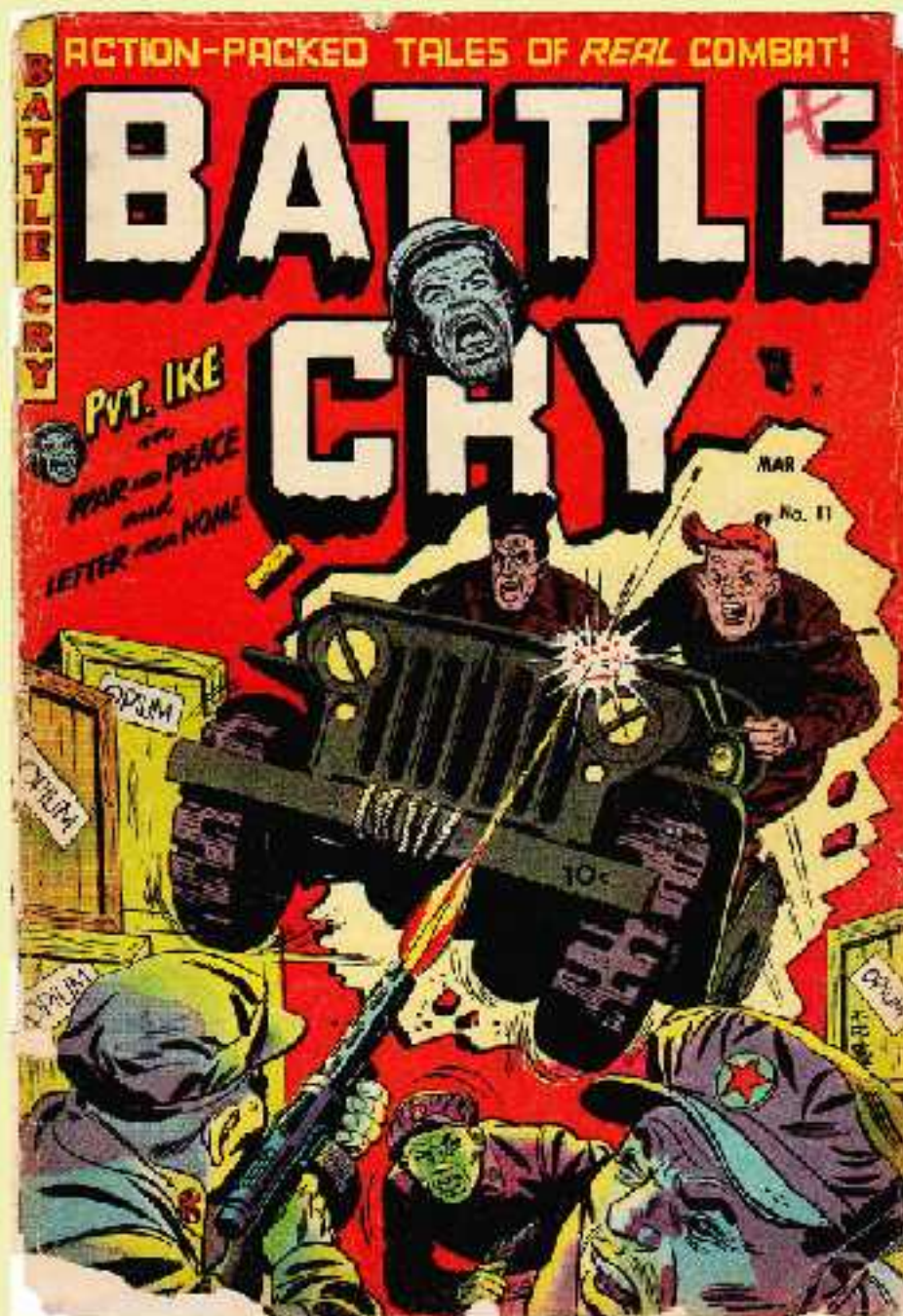
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